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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The Turkish soldiers appear to be devotees of science. At any rate, the Bulgarian correspondent of the London "Mail" reports them as digging away the flesh from under people's arms in order to observe the working of their lungs.

"Imprisonment is as irrevocable as death," says Bernard Shaw in his new work, "Man and Superman." I commend the pithy remark to the specific opponents of capital punishment. In principle it is as outrageous to take away one day of a man's life as to take away his entire life. Neither is outrageous when necessary to the protection of the non-invasive, and either is inadvisable whenever kindness will serve better than forcible restraint.

Several lawyers, composing a committee of the American Bar Association, recently reported to that conservative body a scheme of anti-trust measures intended to afford a "safe" alternative to the dangerous proposals of the demagogues. The committee would remedy the trust evils by taxing the trusts to death, or reducing the prices of their goods fifty per cent., or providing for State competition with them in the field of industry. Verily, it takes trained legal minds to evolve so simple, easy, natural, and practical a solution of the problem. The abolition of protectionism, financial monopoly, and other trust-sheltering agencies was not thought of as a possible remedy—or, if thought of, was dismissed as too radical and destructive. The reputation of the American lawyer for conservatism must not be jeopardized!

One or two sapient editors say that they cannot accept the decision in the St. Louis blacklisting case as good law or good sense, because it logically involves the recognition of the "odious boycott" as a legal practice. If, they gravely argue, the employer may blacklist, and even unite with others in blacklisting, one or more employees, then it follows that employees may boycott employers, either severally or as a combination. I congratulate them on their acumen. But why do they turn away from this conclusion and reject the decision? If they could stomach blacklisting, are not their wry faces at boycotting strangely ludicrous? The boycott is the workman's blacklist. The silliness of the objection of these editors becomes apparent when we paraphrase the statement thus: We could accept the court's view of blacklisting, if it did not involve recognition of the odious blacklist!

Roosevelt's "remedy" for lynching is swift and terrible vengeance by the law. In other words, the courts are to become lynching tribunals. Mob violence, as the New York "Sun" perceives, is really preferable. That, at least, is free from cant and hypocrisy. And the shallow poseur who gives out this rubbish is praised by people who think they are opposed to lynching! Roosevelt's crude, sophomoric, ill-written, loose, and empty epistle is hailed as a remarkable contribution to the discussion of the triumphant mobocracy.

"The Whim," which thoughtlessly described itself as a periodical without a tendency, has been forced by just criticism to change its designation. It now describes itself as a periodical with several tendencies. Several conflicting tendencies? No, even common sense, to say nothing of logic, would revolt against carrying the whimsical side of reform to that length. But, if the several tendencies are mutually consistent, then they are merely corollaries or deductions from one more general tendency. Why are the editors ashamed of that tendency? Indeed, in the very paragraph announcing the change of description, one of them says: "We have watched it ["The Whim"] closely, and the only tendency which we have been able to detect is the tendency towards the right, the true, and the beautiful." The *only* tendency in a periodical of several tendencies! What is this—logic or common sense?

The New York "Times" ridicules the German court which condemned the publishers of Tolstoï's pamphlet, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." It imagines that what Tolstoï urges in that pamphlet is that it is wrong for rulers to incite bloodshed. "Militarism begets Anarchism is Tolstoï's argument," it says, and the pamphlet "dares to use the decalogue as an argument against bloodshed." All this shows how little the "Times" knows of or understands Tolstoï. It naïvely—naïvely, not knavishly, I hope—thinks that Tolstoï is denouncing some particularly atrocious sentiments, the efflorescence of "militarism." He is not so superficial. His pamphlet is directed against McKinley-Roosevelt-Republican violence fully as much as against the crazy militarism of William of Germany. His argument is that the State begets crime and murder and assassination. He makes no distinction between the American man-killers and German man-killers. He is opposed to all army and navy organizations—to "legal" bloodshed and wars of pacification or humanity no less than to illegal killing. Liberty is not a non-resistant, but it certainly prefers Tolstoïsm to "Timesism," imperialism, and the "mild" militarism which, we are to infer, is not obnoxious to the decalogue. Of course the Philippine campaign was perfectly consistent with the Christian morality and the religion of the "Times" and the American patriots generally; but Tolstoï has a very different brand of morality—one of which even American courts would like to suppress the propaganda.

A police raid was made recently upon a meeting of the Paul A. Kelly Association in this city. No warrants were sought by the police, and there was no ceremony about entering the club-room. The inspector in charge of the raid jumped on a table and shouted: "This meeting is adjourned, and it is the last meeting you'll ever hold here. The Paul Kelly Association is dead from now on." Three men were arrested, and then the inspector called to the others to get out. As each man passed through the doorway he received a hard blow in the face or a kick from the detectives, and some who showed resistance were severely used. The inspector then confiscated several papers which he said would prove of value to him. After the room had been cleared, the chairs were broken up and the contents of the room wrecked. These facts I glean from the news columns of the New York "Times." The inspector was Schmittberger, the confessed receiver of bribes who "squealed" during the Lexow investigation. One of his companions was James B. Reynolds, well known in connection with university settlement work and now the secretary of Mayor Low. Theodore Roosevelt recently described mob law as "simply one form of anarchy." He might now exercise his genius for classification by consigning to its appropriate category this conduct of the New York police force of which he formerly was the head.

The Trinity.

The greatest Trinity there is,
Or that shall ever be
(At least as far as *I'm* concerned),
Is I, Myself, and Me.

We are surely "three in one,"
And also "one in three"
(Father, Son, and Holy Ghost),—
I, Myself, and Me.

Wm. W. Catlin.

Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Where Does Graft Come From?

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, is a conspicuous example of a man who is in public office because a great number of voters expected him to bring sincerity, intelligence, and efficiency to the work of making the government more honest. Now, if government is ever to be saved (I don't care from what), surely men of this description must be the ones to save it; if not, who shall? It concerns us much, therefore, to know what Mr. Jerome thinks of the essential goodness or badness of government; and he has been kind enough to tell us.

It was the trade-unions that set him talking. He had found, as is reported, several union officials who had used their position to extort money from employers for their own pockets, to the great injury of their unions. And this gave him his chance to say:

> We are confronted to-day, in all local and civil governments, with the fact that the grafters get hold of the executive machinery. There are exceptional men, but there is a feeling in the community that there is grafting all along the line, and this has developed into the apprehension that in State, federal, or local assemblies men are not influenced by the highest considerations. When I asked myself why public life was thus debauched, I came to the conclusion that it was only the reflection of private life, and I feel that these present labor difficulties are the best demonstration of the soundness of this view. Witness the grafting laborer and the grafting employer, as exposed to-day.

The first two sentences, of course, are only what everybody is now expected to believe; it is news when anybody says otherwise. The interest is in Mr. Jerome's explanation; and here one must regret that he did not tell on what grounds he "came to the conclusion" in question. I for my part suspect that he started from the assumption that the debauchery could not possibly be because government was evil in itself; or, more likely, it did not come into his head that such an explanation could be offered. I suspect this merely because it seems to be so rare for anybody to consider seriously the possibility of such a view. Yet, if I had evidence that Mr. Jerome begged the question, this would not prove him wrong; and it is worth while trying to prove something, for the topic—whether public corruption is merely the reflection of a corresponding private corruption—is fundamental.

Proving is hard, to be sure. We ought to find out all public and private corruption, to measure its volume and quality when found, and to compare the respective intensities of the public and the private when measured. These are three impossibilities. Yet there are certain general comparative impressions on which one may base an argument.

It is certainly contrary to common belief that there is any such corruption in private life among us as in public. Yet the condition of private American life may be supposed to be fairly well known. There are gossips enough unhanged to tell us our neighbors' faults, and it is really not likely that our neighborhood is much rottener than we—on the average—understand it to be. There is enough wrong, we know. There are tricks in all trades but ours, said the carpenter when he drove a screw with a hammer. There are apple-barrels with bad apples in the middle, and faked news reports, and embezzling cashiers, and misrepresentations as to what he means to do for her after she marries him, and other such things. I have myself paid seventy-five cents for a big handsome jack-knife that turned its edge on common hard wood, and unfastened its rivet in cutting an inch sapling. Yet you will find comparatively few people who believe that private life is so bad as most people believe city governments to be; so bad, say, as Mr. Jerome in many speeches described the government of the day when he was trying to get into his present office. Is it because public life is more conspicuously in the public eye?—but it isn't; the average man looks much more at what goes on close by him than at government; the complaint of Mr. Jerome's own clan, the reformers, is that people pay so little attention to government, and particularly to the most corrupt parts of government. Then is it because we look at government so little that we see nothing but the explosions, and thereby get a disproportionate idea of the evil element?—but the evil that we do see, and have fair proof of, is too much to balance against the corresponding evils of private life, especially as private life is far the larger bulk after all. There is no getting away from this: either public life is altogether too much debauched to be "the mere reflection of private life," or the detailed reports of public wrong-doing are grossly and steadily exaggerated (which it would not be polite to assume, for Mr. Jerome is responsible for a representative lot of the reports in question), or the average American thinks his neighbors much saintlier than they are. Really, the two latter propositions are so unlikely that we must accept the former till we see reason against it.

Besides, there is one point where the question reduces to figures: this is in the balance-sheets which show the proportion of expenditures to results, or of money stolen to money fairly spent. Would Mr. Jerome deny that such figures generally show much greater leakages in public than in private management? If they do, how does he reconcile this with his view of a "reflection"?

Again, compare the way private and public agencies do the same work. Mr. Jerome uses the word "graft" in the sense made familiar by Josiah Flynt; he ought to remember, therefore, what Flynt's criminals said about the Pinkertons as a more efficacious guard than the police, and their estimates that the Pinkertons could police New York, or a similar city, at least as well as now, for sixty per cent.—wasn't it?—of the present cost. The public, without putting undue confidence in Flynt's criminals, agrees with them fairly well (so far as the public has paid attention to the matter) about the relative efficiency and economy of the two forces. Mr. Jerome ought to know whether the comparison is a just one; if he denies it, his denial will be of public interest.

No discussion of this topic can afford to leave out the fact that these conditions are world-wide and inveterate. In all kinds of government, from despotism to democracy, the like takes place; the notorious and undisputed wickedness in public life far outgoes anything that is contemporaneously believed about general wickedness in private life. In all the world's history, with few and temporary exceptions, governments have been the greatest scandal in the world; furthermore, in the history of each particular nation, government has at almost all times been the greatest scandal of that nation. I think it fair that evils officially sustained by government, such as was slavery in the United States, should be charged against government; yet, even if such be reckoned as private, and the government be charged only with the direct acts of its officials as officials, I think we shall still find that in much the greater part of history public life has been much more scandalous than private life. And this last sentence leads up to what is perhaps the most significant fact of all—that whatever else has been greatly scandalous has been scandalous in proportion as it has been associated with government. Where has there been a very great scandal in which government was not concerned? Blessings apart from government there have been. The names of Gutenberg, Wesley, Froebel, Shakspere, suggest only a small part of the good that men have done without government's help. But what great evil have men done in which government has not been a prominent agent? The recent Arab slave-trade in Africa, indeed, was its own government, and was not down on the map; yet its representatives constituted a government, or group of governments. But I will concede this instance, and whatever else anybody can have the face to claim, and the remnant of my case shall still be overwhelming.

For all this there must be a reason. It cannot be the inadequacy of our information, because, after all, our information is sufficient to prove the general outline of facts. It cannot be because the bigness of the business done increases the range of debauchery; else there should be more wickedness in the management of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, or of any factory that handles a million dollars a year, than in the government of Baltimore or St. Louis. It may be because peculiarly dangerous temptations are involved in the nature of the business done by government. It may be because the tenure of office for the principal officers of

any government is either almost accidental (as in a monarchy) or dependent upon their ability to control votes or the like (as in a republic), while in every-day business the tenure of the controlling positions comes much nearer to depending altogether on efficiency. It may be because government is an expression of the lower side of man's nature, and therefore men of lower nature are apt to be drawn into it. It may be for some other reason—and if so, what? Tell us, you friends of government! give us the truth, or even suggestions! Light, more light!

But we cannot expect Mr. Jerome to tell us, for he has disproved the whole thing. He has found a handful of trade-union leaders who, as he says, have done in their sphere the same things that police captains do in theirs; and this is to prove that the badness of public life merely reflects that of private life. The unions and their leaders have plenty of bitter and powerful enemies; inside the unions there is commonly a fair share of jealous ambition striving for the offices, as well as a disposition to watch and criticize the officials on general principles; the alleged robbery has to be carried on in close contact with the men from whom the money is stolen at the rate of several dollars per man, —men who will know that they are robbed if they find out the dealings; and, with these influences tending to expose all blackmailing by union officials, the detection of a few cases is to prove that there is such a flood of corruption in the unions as we know, from a multitude of immense exposures, exists in governments. The unions are obviously liable to part, at least, of the peculiar weaknesses of government; and an exposure of a bit of government-like corruption among them is to prove that the grocery business and the photograph business and the athletic clubs and the rest of private life are tarred with the same stick. It will not work. The argument is a failure. Mr. Jerome should stick to the district attorney's business, which is accusation, or else he should get a client easier to defend than the institution for which he is attorney. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Achille Loria and Anarchism.

Liberty for more than twenty years has stood almost alone in the English-speaking world, and indeed in the civilized world, as the exponent of a social philosophy whose ideal is a society of completely emancipated individuals,—man freed morally, socially, and economically from every institution imposed upon him by coercive authority. It recognizes that only under these conditions can man attain his highest development.

This philosophy, whose watchword is the Sovereignty of the Individual, was first given form by an American, Josiah Warren, who was born in 1798 and died in 1874. He was not a learned man, as the world accounts learning, but a simple man of the people, who endeavored, during a long life of incessant toil, to put in practice the theories he had worked out from experience and observation.

Contemporaneous with Warren, though entirely unknown to him, lived the great French publicist, Proudhon, who began after Warren to promulgate, in a series of voluminous polemical writings, a philosophy based on the negation of the State and the absolute freedom of every member of society. For his doctrine he adopted the term Anarchism, still used by those, including Liberty, who accept the principle of a non-governmental social order, in which all will be politically and economically free.

The form of social organization contemplated by this belief is based on liberty, property, free competition, and voluntary association. Hence it is antagonistic to Communism, collective Socialism, and the revolutionary Anarchism so useful to European governments and indispensable to their secret service agencies.

While the libertarian conception of society has not been without its exponents among modern thinkers, historians, dramatists, and literary men, it has failed to call forth avowed champions who could rank with Proudhon in fame and influence. Herbert Spencer has so far furnished it with the most important data and arguments. His reactionary views on economics and his pronounced bias on the labor question have been unable to vitiate his service in establishing the aggressive and transitional nature of the State, in tracing the growth of social institutions, and in giving scientific validity to the law of equal freedom.

Achille Loria, the most brilliant of Italian economists, has already performed services to the cause of Anarchism, all unconsciously perhaps, not unworthy of Proudhon himself. In 1885 Loria published a *brochure* prepared as an inaugural address at the University of Sienna, which evoked a storm of criticism from both French and Italian sociologists. It was entitled "The Economic Foundations of Society," and was followed, after four years, by "An Analysis of Capitalistic Society." The earlier work was rewritten and enlarged in 1898 and published in French. It was then translated for the first time into English by an American, Professor L. M. Keasby, of Bryn Mawr, and published in 1899 by a London house. Of Loria's numerous works this is the only one accessible to the English reader. It is probably the most profound sociological work in this generation, and indubitably the most unanswerable dissection of the capitalist system. The manner in which he presents his views, and follows his theory to its logical conclusion, betrays a courage it would be vain to seek among occupants of an English or American university chair.

The theory of Anarchism is a logical and inevitable deduction from a true science of society. But this science is still in its formative state. Every scientific investigator and thinker who, by his labors or genius, sheds new light upon the development of human institutions, determines their historic relations, or makes plain their present character, is thereby rearing the permanent structure of the Anarchist philosophy.

Warren approached the task as an empiricist; Proudhon adopted the metaphysical methods of his day; Spencer, as the expounder of organic evolution, defined sociology in biological terms; while Loria, in attempting to place the social science on a purely economic foundation, succeeds beyond all his predecessors in establishing the politico-economic basis of Anarchism.

Capitalistic property is not the product of conditions inherent in human nature, but the result of potent historic causes which, in the course of evolution, are destined to disappear. Mankind may be divided into two categories,—those who work for a living and those who live upon incomes derived from the ownership of land and capital. The latter class from the beginning has used the political State to keep the dispossessed in economic subjection. It was the gradual monopoly of land and all natural opportunities to earn an independent living that originated the political State. Its maintenance is essential for the exploitation of the laboring class, and to guarantee and augment the incomes of the proprietors.

The suppression of free land and the monopoly of capital prevent the voluntary co-operation of laborers. As the margin of cultivation is pushed farther out through the steady growth of population, the lack of this co-operation diminishes the productivity of labor, and in the end will lead to a gradual diminution of capitalist incomes. Capitalism will then be compelled to succumb before a voluntary association of free laborers and producers of capital. Profits, rent, interest, will disappear in a society in which land and natural opportunities are free. Where there are no unearned incomes to be maintained, the State will have no reason to exist. The exclusion of the laborer from the soil hinders production, ultimately reducing capitalistic profits and bringing the present system to a standstill. Society will then be compelled to re-establish free land and "accord to every individual the right to occupy as great an area as he can cultivate with his own labor. A voluntary system of co-operation will establish itself spontaneously upon the basis of free ownership of the soil." In his "Analysis of Capital" he develops this Anarchistic view of the future society.

Egoism will necessarily be the morality of the final economy. With free economic conditions this enlightened individualism would urge the strong to succor the weak. As Lange says, "morality founded upon egoism would prove both possible and effective in a society of equals."

Capitalism overcomes the natural egoism of the laborer by an artificial code of morality taught by a subsidized class of unproductive laborers. It inculcates obedience on one side, and compels the rulers to stop short in their usurpation at the point beyond which there would be a revolt of the oppressed. In the final economy the practical equality in the incomes of producers makes it impossible for one set of men to gain an ascendency over the others. "The absence of class conflict does away, moreover, with the necessity of despotic centralized authority to restrain individual excesses. The normal development of economic relations will then suffice to assure perfect liberty."

Morality, law, and politics are the three connective institutions through which capitalism has maintained its supremacy. Loria lucidly defines the function of the unproductive laborers. These consist of all the functionaries of the State, its army, police, and administrative staff, together with the professional classes. It is through these parasitic members of society that capitalism is enabled to retain its political and economic ascendency. But, while the profes-

sional classes are supported mainly out of capitalistic incomes, the repressive forces are maintained by the producers by means of compulsory taxation. In order to judge of the justice or injustice of any particular form of taxation, therefore, it is necessary to understand the true nature of the State. Political sovereignty of the proprietors is the only outcome of private monopoly of land and capital. The laborers who depend for subsistence on the capitalists have no alternative but to do the political will of their economic masters. Hence, even where manhood suffrage prevails, the law-makers represent the dominant class.

Successful revolution can occur only when economic evolution has brought the system to the point described for its own destruction,—*i. e.*, after the natural forces of disintegration have already set in. All revolutionary attempts by the proletarians are therefore doomed to fail, until the critical moment arrives. This is not mere fatalism with Loria. It is the scientific recognition of the truth that institutions change and disappear only through the operation of adequate causes. Hence it is essential for the revolutionist to study and understand these causes.

The conscious will of man is always operative, but it is conditioned, if not wholly determined, by economic forces. As the bulwark of privilege has been the alliance of the unproductive laborers, who form the organized intelligence as well as the physical force of the system, with the proprietary interests, it is impossible to effect a revolution until the intelligence of the unproductive laborers becomes allied with the producing classes. Social and economic forces are now at work which will soon effect this alliance.

This hasty sketch of Loria's application of the economic interpretation of history and institutions does scant justice to the theme. On another occasion I hope to deal with his theory in relation to the work of other writers, giving it a more critical consideration. In moderate compass Loria's book affords a wealth of suggestion and food for thought to the sociological student.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

David B. Hill, who, with all his faults, is a giant beside the moral Liliputian now in the White House, recently made some remarks which a good many cowards and sycophants in public life could not read without wincing and squirming. They had to do with "spectacularism." Hill mentioned no names, but Roosevelt's fool friends hastened to supply the omission. "If," said Hill, the spectacularists "happen to hold a public office, they are delighted to see their smallest public acts paraded, magnified, and applauded. They are sure that there were never before such public officials as themselves—so earnest, so honest, so self-sacrificing. They meddle with everything, whether within or without their official jurisdiction, and usually muddle everything with which they have anything to do." He means Roosevelt! exclaimed a chorus of editors and correspondents. Suppose he did mean Roosevelt. The description either fits or it doesn't. If it fits, O solemn patriots! decency requires you to remain silent. Hill may have been unkind, but facts are facts, and he is not responsible for them. If it does not fit, why, denounce Hill as a slanderer and liar and deny that Roosevelt has the characteristics of the spectacularist. What did Roosevelt's pretended admirers do? Here is a specimen of their comments, taken from the editorial page of the Philadelphia "Ledger," the property of Ochs, who is an independent Democrat in New York and an independent Republican in Philadelphia and a plutocrat everywhere: "No one of average intelligence who read Mr. Hill's speech failed to understand that all the above quoted part of it was a deliberate and, as it will generally appear, a malevolent attack upon the president of the United States. It was intended as a blow at the president, as a characterization of the nation's chief magistrate, a blow accompanied by sneer, covert innuendo, and personal detraction." And the editor went on to drivel about the dignity of the presidential office, etc. Not a word regarding the truth, the accuracy, of the characterization! Of course any man of more than the average intelligence of plutocratic editors knows that you do not degrade an office by protesting against its degradation, and by showing that it is occupied by an utterly and ridiculously unfit person—a poseur, a humbug, an unbalanced, offensive blusterer and windbag. If you desire to honor an office, put dignified and honorable men into it, and, when accident has exposed it to degradation, put the incumbent out at the first opportunity. Are the "independent" Democrats trying to get rid of Roosevelt? If they were, they would move Hill a vote of thanks.

Is Charles Francis Adams an Anarchist? In a letter to a Single-Taxer who is also (how funny that so many Single Taxers should happen to be "also") in sympathy with public ownership of public utilities, Mr. Adams used the following language: "The fact is, when it comes to handling private business, any and every government is, in my opinion, utterly incompetent, whether it is a water system, schools, railroads, telegraphs, post-offices, or what not. Every time private enterprise would do it four times as well at about half the cost. Please don't talk to me of doing business through governmental machinery. It is one colossal exhibition of waste, extravagance, and incompetence." Mr. Adams is courageous enough to include education, which many pretended individualists "concede" to the State. But isn't everything he says applicable to the administration of justice, to police activity, to the army and navy? Is it reasonable to suppose that an organization which cannot economically and efficiently conduct a very simple business—the operation of a street-car system, or the distribution of letters and packages—is competent to enforce justice and protect rights? The fact is that there is *more*, not less, waste and corruption in the business that governments have always monopolized than in those which they have but recently acquired. The cause which produces the incompetence and waste in the directions mentioned by Mr. Adams is fully operative in all other directions. Politicians are like other men; it is the principle, the condition, under which they work that is fatal to honesty and efficiency. And is not that principle, or condition, coextensive with the sphere of government? Mr. Adams ought to be an Anarchist.

Passive resistance is being resorted to in England by people who would indignantly repudiate the imputation of Anarchistic policy,—the Nonconformists, who violently object to the new education act on the ground that it practically reimposes the old church rate and forces men to pay for denominational teaching opposed to their own religious convictions. It is not necessary to examine here the provisions of the reactionary act. The point is that, having failed to prevent its adoption by parliament, thousands of otherwise "law-abiding" citizens are passively resisting its enforcement by refusing to pay the school tax. And this course has the approval of prominent divines, lord mayors, and other influential personages. The plea of these resistants is that their conscience does not permit them to obey this particular law. They believe in government, in majority rule, in the omnipotence of parliament, but they draw the line at the school act. It would be interesting to know what they think of passive resistance on the part of those whose conscience—or reason—revolts against most of the acts of their government! The appeal to conscience, to individual judgment, is fatal to the whole business of governmentalism. The Nonconformists are Anarchists with respect to the school law, and they are building more wisely than they know. Illogical and inconsistent as they are, more strength to their elbows!

It appears from a review in an English journal that G. B. S. has published a new book, in which he confesses that his experience in politics, reform, journalism, and what not has completely disillusionized him as to "education, progress, and so forth." As Mr. Shaw has been—I quote H. W. Massingham, a progressive Liberal—"an Imperialist, Chamberlainist, anti-nationalist [anti home-ruler], Tory, and Nietzscheite," his confession should bring joy to all true radicals. I am inexpressibly glad to know that the sort of education and progress represented by the Fabian annex of reaction and barbarism has been a failure. These are trying times for libertarians, for he sees jingoism, monopoly, plutocracy, militarism, and hypocrisy rampant and triumphant. But, if Mr. Shaw is disappointed, there may be less cause for discouragement than we libertarians have imagined. I cheerfully agree with Mr. Shaw—there is nothing in education, progress, and so forth, as understood by anti-Boer-pro-Chamberlain-overmen-Tory-Fabians.

The Boston "Herald" speaks of Roosevelt's "want of firmness." If this phrase adequately characterizes the champion quitter and retreater, then Judas may be described as a disciple who did not wholly justify the confidence of his master, and Nero as a monarch who fell somewhat short of the ideal of human gentleness. There is nothing like accuracy and precision in the use of language.

A correspondent of "Free Society" complains bitterly because I pay no attention to

what he styles his "arguments." I submit that I cannot be expected to argue with the editors and correspondents of a paper which has nothing but sneers for logic and justifies its habit of departing from logic whenever it feels like it on the ground that it "has emotions as well as mind." I grant that it has emotions.

In the September number of Liberty I wrote: "Of course, as long as progress is effected, as for a long time it must be, by a series of reactions between liberty and authority, it will be true that Anarchy is the forerunner of tyranny, and that tyranny is equally the forerunner of Anarchy." The "Literary Digest," in quoting this, presented it as follows: "Of course, as long as *congress is affected,* as for a long time it must be, by a series," etc. If this is an example of the editor's Literary Digest-ion, he ought to restrict his diet to pre-digested foods. Liberty is not milk for babes—or idiots.

Secretary Shaw talks about "the well-nigh inherent right of banks to issue circulating notes." The secretary either has not the courage of his convictions or is trying to blow hot and cold in the same breath. It is impossible for any right to be "well-nigh inherent."

The Sprig of Geranium.

[Translated.]

Guiseppe Fumasoli was dead; his trade had not supported him. The making of new shoes out of old boots is not a lucrative industry. In spite of all the pains that the workman took, the merchandise manufactured was not new, and the second-hand dealer who lives beside the gate of the Synagogue swore, with every new pair delivered by the cobbler, that it would find no buyer. And he paid less and less for the merchandise brought.

The result was that, notwithstanding his toil of sixteen hours a day, Guiseppe Fumasoli died of hunger. One day he slipped very slowly from his stool to the ground, after reeling slightly to the right and to the left, as if overcome by drink.

His old mother, who lived with him in this same hole where there was no air or light,—almost a cellar,—coming home all unsuspecting, with a bag of old boots on her head back, found him stretched among the cut uppers, the worn-through soles, the run-down heels, and the scattered nails and tools, on the soft and trampled earth.

He was already dead and cold.

Mother Fumasoli let her bag fall at her feet and threw herself beside her son, in the dirt, among the leather *débris.*

Mother Pompanini, living next door, having heard a wild cry of fright, put in her head and looked..... She saw Guiseppe's inanimate, waxen yellow, emaciated face, with its pointed chin thinly covered with a little black beard, resting in the hollow of his mother's knees, and Mother Fumasoli bending over him, with a flouting red handkerchief around her head, and uttering not a sound.

She was still in the same position when Mother Pompanini's calls and cries had gathered all the inhabitants of the little street and even attracted a doctor, no one knew whence.

The latter was a gentleman of æsthetic culture, and, when he saw the group on the ground, he was struck by the pose of the one and the other,—the antique and eternal subject of the Mother of Sorrows with the dead Christ. And he thought of his friend, the painter Symbolizetti, regretting that he could not have this model of a modern "pièta." Apart from this, there was nothing for the doctor to do. He made a swift examination of the body stretched at full length, and established the fact of death. Cause: insufficient alimentation.

Then he made off as fast as possible, anticipating, not without reason, an appeal to his purse, in this quarter of the poorest and most wretched.

Guiseppe, dead of chronic hunger, was buried the next day. Mother Fumasoli scarcely realized what was going on. But for Mother Pompanini, it is probable that Guiseppe would have been laid in his wretched coffin without even having been washed, his shrivelled fingers still black with shoemaker's wax and his body clad in the ragged gray check shirt in which he worked. Mother Fumasoli laved her son only with her tears; she contemplated him incessantly, but lent no aid. When the coffin-lid was nailed over her Guiseppe, each stroke of the hammer fell upon her quivering heart, and, if the æsthetically cultured doctor had ventured again into this cavern of despair, he might once more have compared her to the Madonna, rich in sorrows, whose breast is pierced with seven blades.

Seven blades! Yes! But why only seven?

There is the [illegible] now that the son is dead. There is the char[illegible] has succumbed so young. There is the [illegible]gony for the work of the morrow. The[illegible]ing for the departed who shared all her [illegible]ments. There is the despair over the abandonment in which he died. There is the heart-sickness over the fact that he was killed by privations. There is the insatiable desire to hear him speak once more. There is the very spot, all black, on which he lay. There is the gnawing affliction and the isolation. There is.....

Seven blades? Yes! Why only seven?

So Guiseppe was buried—in the common grave. In his lifetime had he not belonged to the obscure and nameless mass? The part of the cemetery in which he was buried resembled a sandy field freshly ploughed, where grew innumerable little crosses planted irregularly, crowded at certain points, more scattered at others.

To the right stretched an arid desert, still larger, where the little black crosses, very little crosses, bore each a white number and crowded each other still more closely. This was the burial-place of the children of these disinherited.

But toward the left.....ah! toward the left it was different. There green crowns were to be seen, and plants flowering in their vases behind elegant railings of black and gold, before marble tablets with gilt inscriptions, near columns of polychrome porphyry ornamented with the white medallion of the deceased, before dazzling statues with veiled faces and twisted hands.

Thus do we honor those who have had lives of ease and who, for that very reason, must be again exceptionally favored after death,—those whom it is not permitted to confound with the ordinary and obscure multitude.

In this cemetery a very broad path separated the part containing the private lots from the part devoted to the poor.

Mother Fumasoli knew nothing about all this. In fact, she did not know much about anything. She was an old woman born in poverty, who had lived in wretchedness and ignorance. If formerly there had been any thoughts in her head, distress and hunger had long since driven them out. She did not compare, she did not reason.

She simply saw.

She saw, with eyes half put out by tears, the yellow earth and the hole into which her Guiseppe had been lowered,—the hole which the grumbling gravedigger was filling roundly with his spade. And when the man, in doing his work, passed between her and the grave, she saw at her left the flaming red geraniums, the pale roses, and the plumes of the palm-trees ornamenting the tombs in the private lots.

At last the gravedigger finished his work. He superficially leveled the most apparent irregularities of the surface, spat on the ground, put his spade on his shoulder, and went away.

Mother Fumasoli rose painfully, crossed herself, bowed before the Christ with bleeding side nailed to his martyr's cross in the middle of the path, took a little holy water, and, with her bluish fingers trembling with cold, sprinkled it over the freshly closed grave. Then, hesitating, she glided across the path toward a specially rich grave ornamented with plants of various colors, and, reaching over the low railing, seized a sprig of geranium and broke it off with its red flowers,—the color of newly-shed blood. Then, pressing the sprig against her broken heart, she came back toward the grave of her Guiseppe, threw herself upon the ground, and delicately and carefully thrust the blooming sprig into [illegible]ible soil, sole efflorescence in this immense [illegible]on field sown with crosses.

That is to say, she was *getting ready* to thrust the branch into the hole which she had just dug with her finger, when the guardian of the cemetery surprised her. From the end of the path he had seen the larceny, and came hurrying up with long strides. His face was red with anger, his gestures were vehement.

It would be a nice thing, indeed, if every one could come and strip the private graves, by the maintenance of which he earned his bread!

"Old witch, what have you stolen?" he shouted at the trembling delinquent. "You have dared to take this from the sub-prefect's lot! Oh! I saw you. But you will repent."

And quickly he set upon the ground the vases of flowers which he was carrying; then, like a brave and vigilant watch-dog, he seized with one hand the sprig of blooming geranium, with the other the thin arm of Mother Fumasoli,—almost fainting with shame and terror, although scarcely comprehending the heinousness of her crime,—and dragged her through the gateway of the field of rest out into the street full of people, and across to the police station, lying in wait like a trap on the other side of the way.

* * *

"Stolen? In case of theft apply section so-and-so of the penal code, and the matter is settled! Nothing simpler."..... Mother Fumasoli was sentenced to a week's imprisonment for stealing from a grave.

* * *

The elegant city of Milan, the superb Paris of Italy, is full of joyous tumult. It is celebrating the spring by a carnival of flowers. The shop windows glitter in an unusual fashion; motley tapestries are hung before the casements; flags and oriflammes, poles ornamented with pine branches and streamers of all colors, decorate the streets. The main thoroughfares are crossed in every direction by garlands adorned with inscriptions, glasses, and swaying colored balloons. The entire route of the superb procession of flowers is decorated magnificently; so too are the public gardens, where for days and days they have been mowing, digging, and cleaning, to remove all traces of winter.

The sharp and dazzling March sun sparkles on the white marble of the Duomo; the north wind from the mountain whistles cuttingly along the Corso Garibaldi; but spring has begun,—it is decreed by the calendar.

How they throng the streets and squares! How the plumes of the Bersaglieri (whose mission it is to keep the middle of the street clear) wave, rivalling the white veils and black cloaks of the women! The spring is here! the spring is decreed!

Long live its herald!

Long live the ray of sun that serves as its messenger!

A handsome young man in shining silk of golden yellow arrives at a gallop. He announces the procession. His horse has gilded bridles, gilded shoes; even its mane is besprinkled with gold dust. A short cloak slashed with sunbeams floats around his shoulders; incessantly he waves a long and narrow banner of yellow silk, and his handsome face and black eyes distribute smiles as proud and victorious as if he were really the Sun-god.

And behind him the thrown flowers dart and pile up, the crowding carriages disappearing beneath them.

It is a veritable orgy of flowers, an inundation of flowers, a perfumed waste, a blossoming flow of insolent wealth. And at the very spot where the equipages are thickest, where the flowers are falling in a real rain between the wheels of the carriages and the shoes of the horses, here is Mother Fumasoli being taken to the prison that stands on the other side of the street. Really, the police are very stupid! Fortunately only a few have seen the sight, and these have quickly turned away their eyes from this bent sexagenarian, from this Mother Fumasoli grown old in

honesty and lamentably fallen in the seventy-seventh year of her age to the shame of a condemnation for robbery.

She, on the other hand, has seen nothing of the mad orgy of those who are rejoicing and who are trampling, in their revelry, on flowers and hearts.

Before her eyes rises the image of her Guiseppe, who died of hunger while toiling sixteen hours a day.

What are these equipages to her? What to her are these strangers clad in silk and gold?

What relation is there between this world and hers?

.....Suddenly something falls at her feet,—a red geranium flower.

Mother Fumasoli starts back, stumbles, looks anxiously sidewise at the guard who has her in charge, and then cautiously raises her foot and places it beyond the branch, not so much as grazing it. She crosses herself as if in presence of some diabolical machination; is this the Demon trying to tempt her a second time?.....

And bent, with tottering steps, she follows the policeman into the prison which people of pure conscience have built for miserable sinners.

ILSE FRAPAN.

King Peter's Felicities.

[G. Clemenceau in "L'Aurore."]

I desire in my turn to pity the poor king of Servia in his misfortunes, or rather I should be content to smilingly lament his misadventure, whence I should like to draw a few philosophical remarks for the benefit of the uncrowned.

Our good King Peter had the luck to come into the world dethroned, like the Duke of Orléans and M. Jacques Lebaudy himself. This situation seems the most agreeable possible. One has "heads of political bureaus" to write letters to the heads of great families when a little duke is born or when an old viscount dies. One has relations more or less cousinly with the courts. Very correct valets address you as Highness or even as Majesty. One takes part in royal hunts where the game is led in droves before the gun of the hunter, who becomes a simple butcher. And from time to time one addresses solemn epistles to his ungrateful country to inform it that it is in the last degree unfortunate, with a postscript taken from the Lovers' Manual: "O Virginia, how happy I could make you!"

These, or pretty nearly these, were the felicities enjoyed by Peter Karageorgevitch. His train was most modest, but, having found asylum in a republican nation, like the dethroned kings at the Venetian inn, he was spared the care of contenting everybody,—the duty of every chief of State.

But, would you believe it, this madman had another idea of happiness, and, to the first assassins who presented themselves to offer him the place of him whom they had just uncrowned with axe and revolver, he made answer that he should find the blood-spattered throne an agreeable seat.

"Colonel, your dress is not in keeping with the regulations. What is this torn tunic and this sticky stain?"

"Nothing to speak of, Majesty. Draga's blood, that's all,—and the mark of her nails when I, with a first blow, split her shoulder. For your entrance into Belgrade I have ordered a flaming new uniform."

"Very well, Colonel, let us march; you shall enter Belgrade by my side."

Such probably were the first interviews of the new Majesty with those who made him king.

At first all went well. The assassins wanted no other reward than the esteem of their fellow citizens, and the people acclaimed Peter as heartily as they had acclaimed Alexander. I do not need to tell you of the alacrity with which the czar and his little Delcassé recognized the new king. Too many joys! It could not last.

In the first place a certain rivalry was noticed between the officers who had done the deed and those who had no part in it. However great the glory of such adventures, there is not enough for everybody. The officers whom an unjust fate had excluded from the fortune in which their colleagues gloried could not resign themselves to the belief that they were less deserving for not having had an opportunity to properly carve a king and queen in a closet. On the other hand, the assassins, however modest they might be, none the less took unto themselves, at their convenience, all the offices, together with the stripes and crosses of *honor*. Their leader was prime minister, of course. All had put on uniforms which showed no signs of blood.

Now it happened that the king, having no longer any way of telling the authentic assassins from the others, permitted himself to entrust charges to men whose records credited them with no assassination. Would you believe that he so far forgot himself as to give the post of *grand marshal of the palace* (with what costume I leave you to imagine) to a colonel who could claim no part in the assassination of Alexander, having been in Constantinople at the time in the capacity of Servian military attaché? This was too much. Really, too little consideration was being shown for the susceptibility of Messieurs the assassins. Their patience was exhausted. They repaired to the konak, and told the king that he must lose no time in withdrawing a nomination that discredited Servia in their eyes. King Peter, much annoyed, broke his grand marshal of the palace for not having rendered himself worthy of this post by taking his degrees in the order of assassination, asking him as a personal favor not to accept the nomination which, in form, he still maintained. Kings have these attacks of inflexibility.

The strangest part of it is that these tactics do not seem to have established the authority of the excellent King Peter. Discontent is noticeable in the army,—just as under General André. The officers who find advancement impossible for want of title earned by the murder of a king are saying to themselves that, after all, if, to win honors, it is necessary only to break in the palace door and pink a monarch in his nightshirt, their patriotism must be equal to this extremity.

The king is alone in objecting to this way of looking at things. He has caused the arrest of the foremost among the discontented, as a result of which, it is reported, they are less contented than before. The dispatches tell us that in Nisch, the second city of the kingdom, shots have been fired *in the vicinity of the royal carriage*. A stone, aimed doubtless at a swallow, has opened the cheek of the king. From such accidents Peter was exempt at Geneva.

I have no advice to give to the king of Servia. Yet, if Jacques Lebaudy, emperor of Sahara but without a throne, were willing to give him forty sous for his crown, I, in His Majesty's place, would clinch the bargain, take the first train, pay a visit to the Duke of Orléans, and say to him: "Cousin, just take a little trip to Servia and study the blessings of monarchy."

A Rose by Any Other Name.

["The Individualist."]

"Have you heard the depressing news, Mrs. Timmins?"

"Do you mean about my nephew?"

"No, I was not thinking of him; but I should be interested to hear."

"Well, Mr. Jones, he is not going to have his baby vaccinated; the poor little dear!"

"Indeed; but I thought it was compulsory."

"So it is; but he said he had a conscientious objection, because his elder daughter died of erysipelas after vaccination, and he has got his exemption."

"Dear me! The way in which some of those magistrates give people licenses to spread small-pox is positively criminal."

"Do unvaccinated children give people small-pox, Ma?"

"Don't interrupt, Sophie. I was about to say, Mr. Jones, that we make it difficult for unenlightened parents to go astray; but, if I had my way, I would leave them no option."

"Nor I. Vaccination and revaccination as often as necessary should be made absolutely compulsory.—No, thank you, no cream. I never take cream on Fridays. I have heard it is unlucky."

"Ah! That would account for Betsy breaking the decanter last Friday; for I recollect I took cream to breakfast. That is the girl who has just gone out, Mr. Jones. She is leaving me, and the cook too. Servants are so difficult to get now. I think we ought to have a registry office in connection with the post office, and do away with all these small concerns."

"A capital idea, Mrs. Timmins. Then the business could be conducted free, and they could do away with these niggling fees as they have at most theatres.—By the way, have you been to see Sarah in 'L'Aiglon'?"

"No! I consider French plays most improper. If I had my will, no plays should be acted save under the State or county council management. We should then see less of these foreign abominations."

"But the instruction..."

"Instruction! People can get that at the board schools. And now that the State is going to look after the secondary schools, middle-class people will also be able to get good education. I am glad you nod assent, Mr. Jones; but you were going to tell me some dreadful news?"

"Ah! yes. My eldest brother has become a Socialist."

"How very annoying and thoughtless of him! Let me see; those are the people who are always making such a noise in the parks. Now if the government..."

What to Do with the Invader.

Of course, to all Anarchists, the problem of dealing with invasion calls first for a method of eliminating that arch-invader, the State, after which elimination the individual invader will become, sooner or later, a negligible quantity. But, as long as it is impossible to neglect him with safety, he must be dealt with; and the true method of such dealing has been set forth nowhere more plainly than in the following paragraph from the London "Saturday Review":

In the future, in our dealings with offenders, one plain question will be asked, and answered. Do we intend to forgive this person? Is this man (or this woman) to be received again in charity and fellowship? If so, we must reform him, by kindness and appealing to his better nature, by discipline or any other scientific process, always definitely curative and hopeful, although it may be painful to go through. But, if we decide that we will not receive him again,—then we need not trouble him with curative processes, still less should we attempt to moralize or blame; but, having decided that his case is beyond cure, nothing is left us but to segregate or kill. Already, in France, after a certain number of convictions, a prisoner is sent away for good; he is not badly treated, only for ever banished to a distant island, where he can neither marry nor return; and something of the sort will probably be done here. We are opposed to long terms of imprisonment; no class of people should remain shut up.....But hopeless criminals may be so placed that they can do no harm; be it sending them to a distant land, or by consigning them to a speedy and painless death.

The Sect of Non-Sectarians.

[Paraf-Javal.]

A sectarian, according to the dictionaries, is one who is attached to a sect. A sect, according to the dictionaries, is a collection of persons professing the same doctrine. A sectarian, therefore, admits only the doctrines that he admits, and not those in contradiction with his own.

It follows from this that everybody is sectarian. He who pretends not to be can be placed, according to his doctrine, in a class more or less uncompromising, and at any rate in the *sect of non-sectarians*,—that is, among the people whose doctrine is to have no doctrine.

Labels are useful to distinguish men from each other when considered from a certain point of view. From the point of view of labor, a man who does carpentry deserves to be labeled *carpenter*; from the general point of view, a man who is opposed to labeling deserves to be labeled *non-labelist*. It would be easy to show that the sect of non-sectarians and the sect of non-labelists may be considered as comprising all those who have not arrived at a clear conception of their doctrine.

The Virus of Specific Moralism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

That specific moralism is an insanity I believe to be a truth which will impress itself upon every observer, candidly open to entertain such an idea and willing to note the temper of specific moralists in controversy. Their misrepresentations are usually in direct ratio as their zeal. When I have a tilt with any of the class and the editorial umpire threatens to expurgate the moralist's remarks, but does not, I am inwardly thankful that he permits the full exhibition; for all you want to do with a specific moralist is to stir him up by candidly stating that you regard his belief as fanaticism, and he goes wild with rage. This will apply to all those cases in my experience.

TAK KAK.

Progress and Fashion.

[Henry Maret.]

What men call progress resembles what they call fashion. When they change a red coat for a yellow one, they think themselves more beautiful than before. Likewise, when they pierce bellies with bayonets, they are persuaded that that is infinitely better than piercing them with simple knives.

Philanthropy.

[Clement M. Hammond.]

Everybody gives that which it does not hurt him to give, and then thinks himself a very decent sort of Christian philanthropist.

A Strange Phenomenon.

[Carolyn Wells in "Life."]

It's a funny thing, but the best literature is always among the six worst-selling books.

A Ballad of Oyster Bay.

["Life."]

He was an honest Oysterman.
(At least, he seemed to be.)
I met him on a neck of land
That jutted out to sea.
And when I asked him who he was,
He answered pleasantly:
"I am the House, and the Senate bold,
The chief of the Navy Crew,
The Cabinet, and you just bet
I'm boss of the Army, too."

I fixed him with an anxious look.
"Dear sir, how can this be?
Although quite plain, your answer seems
Impossible to me."
He merely looked at me and smiled,
And added thoughtfully:
"And I am a strenuous, steadfast type—
A scholar, a sportsman true,
A diplomat, a plutocrat,
And a writer and fighter, too."

"He is a lunatic," I thought—
"A poor, deluded thing,
Whose fancy 'tis to play the rôle
Of some archaic king."
And, as I turned upon my heel,
I heard him muttering:
"I'm the boss, you know, of the whole blame show
In every respect but this—
'Tis very plain that Mr. Payne
Is in charge of the Post Office."

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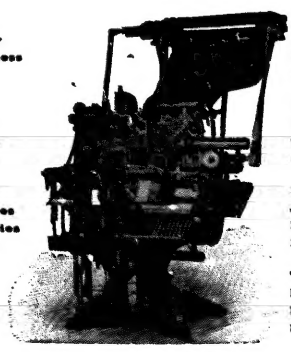

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SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 2. Same arrangement as that of Act 1. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. *(Partly prepared.)*

French Texts for English Readers

LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN Part 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those shown above. Editorial Critic: **Paul Passy** Editor of "Le Maître Phonétique." Cloth. $1.00. *(Preparation arranged for.)*

Greek Texts for English Readers

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. *(Partly prepared.)*

The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

John Locke:

"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:

"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"

44 'vilhelm 'tel 44

Phonic German

'ruːdi

'vas? 'ıç hap 'aux aın 'leːbən tsu fɛr'liːrən,
hap 'vaıp unt 'kınt də'haım, vi 'eːr —
'seːt 'hın,
vi s 'brandət, vi es 'voːkt unt 'vırbəl 'tsiːt
unt 'alə 'vasər 'aufryːrt ın deːn 'tiːfə.
— ıç 'vɔltə 'gɛrn deːn 'biːdərman 'ɛr'rɛtən;
dɔx ɛs ıst 'raın 'unmøːklıç, iːr seːt 'zɛlpst.

'baumgartən ('nɔx auf deːn 'kniːən)

zo 'mus ıç 'falən ın dɛs 'faındəs 'hant,
das 'naːə 'rɛtuŋsuːfər ım gə'zıçtə!
— dɔrt 'liːkt s! ıç 'kan s 'ɛr'raıçən mıt deːn
'augən,

Ordinary German

Ruodi

Was? Ich hab' auch ein Leben zu verlieren,
Hab' Weib und Kind daheim, wie er —
Seht hin,
Wie's brandet, wie es wogt und Wirbel zieht
Und alle Wasser aufrührt in der Tiefe.
— Ich wollte gern den Biedermann erretten;
Doch es ist rein unmöglich, ihr seht selbst.

Baumgarten (noch auf den Knieen)

So muss ich fallen in des Feindes Hand,
Das nahe Rettungsufer im Gesichte!
— Dort liegt's! Ich kann's erreichen mit den
Augen,

44 Wilhelm Tell 45

Verbal English

Ruodi

what? I have also a life to lose,
have wife and child at-home, as he —
look thither,
how it breaks, how it surges and eddies forms
and all waters up stirs in the depth.
— I would gladly the good-man rescue;
yet it is purely impossible, you see yourselves.

Baumgarten (still on the knees)

then must I fall in the enemy's hand,
the near saving-shore in-the sight!
— there lies it! I can it reach with the
eyes,

Free English

Ruodi

What! and I have I not, then, a life to lose,
A wife and child at home as well
as he?
See, how the breakers foam, and toss, and whirl,
And the lake eddies up from all its depths!
Right gladly would I save the worthy man;
But 'tis impossible, as you must see.

Baumgarten (still kneeling)

Then must I fall into the tyrant's hands,
And with the port of safety close in sight!
Yonder it lies! My eyes can measure it,

Henry Sweet:

"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself . . . It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:

"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:

"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

For WHAT Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle

that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind, must actually be *present* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,

the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts

always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and continuously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text

giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text

corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,

a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text

giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed in curves* ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	b(p)	d(t)	ɟ(c)	g(k) ɢ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(m̥)	n(n̥)	ɲ(ɲ̊)	ŋ(ŋ̊)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l̥)	ʎ(ʎ̥)	ɫ(ɫ̥)		
Trilled		r(r̥)			ʀ(ʀ̥)	ɑ
So close as to produce friction	v(f) v(ʋ)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ɹ̥)		ʁ(χ)		ɦ(ɦ) (h)
So close as to produce friction — Rounded			ɥ(ɥ̊)	w(ʍ)		
			j(ç)	g(x)		
Very close — Rounded			y ʉ	u		
Very close			i ɨ	ɯ		
Close — Rounded			ʏ	ʊ		
Close			ɪ	ɯ		
Half close — Rounded			ø ɵ	o		
Half close			e ɘ	ɤ		
Half open — Rounded			œ ɞ	ɔ		
Half open			ɛ ɐ	ʌ		
Open			æ	ɒ		
Very open			a	ɑ		

ː denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
ˈ denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
˜ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.
⌈ ⌉ denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
⌊ ⌋ denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
╱ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
╲ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHOM Designed

For All Students of German,

whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German

(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground;* and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:

and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation

or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use at* home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:

and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology

who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,

who are interested in the structure of the German language.

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers

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